

O Hone! O Hone!

Magpye-Lecture,
By way of
LAMENTATION,
FOR THE
Miscarriage of the Plot,
And the Loss of the late Intended
French Invasion,

As it was Delivered

By a Non-Swearing Parson

J. N. T. H. E.

Fain'd Congregation in Magpye-Atley, near Fester-
Lane, London, the 15th. of this Instant May, 1692:

By D. H. late D. of G.

Woe unto us, for the WIND was against us.

London, Printed for J. F. and are to be Sold at the
Jacobite Conventicles of London and Westminster.

Case In the Epistle of St. Lodowick to the Gallicans, the
J. 5455 33113 164 b. and the 14th.

Woe unto us, for the Wind was against us.

MY Beloved, being here met together, like Jews at a *Passover*, with our Loyns girt, for a short bit and away, for fear of those Philistines and Moabites, the Beadles and Constables, being met, I say, in this *Most Christian* (to borrow the Title of our Great Lord and Master) Assembly, I have made choice of a Text properly suitable to our present occasion : *Woe unto us, for the Wind stood against us.*

Before I launch into so large a Field as lies before me, in the subject of my following Discourse, I think fit first to prepare you for a due Attention and Reception of the great Truths delivered in my Text, by giving you a short, but glorious Character of the great St. Lodowick, the Divine Oracle that speaks it.

Our St. Lodowick, that great Bonerger of Mankind, the miraculous first born of his Mother, after twenty two years Conception, and sent into the World for the Conversion of Nations, by the Infallibility of Worms and Cannons. That great Colledge of Mahomet, the only Apostle Militant both of the Crescent and Cross, speaks to his booted Disciples, the Gallicans, in the words of my Text : *Woe unto us, for the Wind stood against us.* And why all this denunciation of Woe? Yea verily, my Beloved, never a more

fad

sad occasion for wailing and lamentation. A Design so great and glorious as a *Descent from France, an Invasion of England*, so politickly laid, and so hopefully carried on, and yet to be so distinlly blasted, blown up, as I may say, by a Wind! To be ready and prepared so early in the Spring with 30000 *Swiss, Irish, Scotch, and French* roaring Boys, to make a whip over, before the Heretick *Williamites* were awake, to oppose 'em, invited over too by Us the Loyal and Dutiful *Jacobite Vassals*, and Slaves to his most Anti-christian *Sultanship*, all sworn upon the *Alcoran*, so fat a squob as little dear *England*, so delicious a bit, just ready for his Pounce and Talons, and all lost by a Wind; *For wee unto us, the Wind was against us.*

And now my, Beloved, have we the faithful *Non-Jurants*, his true and trusty Musslemen, so long Preacht in Cellars and Garrets, the indispensable Duty of Fidelity and Allegiance to our great *Gallican* Lord and Sovereign; even to a *Curse ye Meroz* in his Cause. Oh the blessed Day, when the *Gallican Miss*, and *Gallican* Patriots at the Helm, the Advancement and Exaltation of the *Gallican* Greatness and Glory was the whole work and study of so many hopeful years, when the humble *English* Effeminacy was so industriously planting and watering his dear *Fleur-de-Luces*: Even our very *Lyons* of *Judah* all turned to his dutiful assisting *Issachars*. Did we not see all this, and by the Duty of our *Passive Obedience*, use all our Pastoral Eloquence and Authority to Preach and Inculcate so divine a Cause. But not to call that happy Remembrance back again, so sweet to our Ears and so dear to our Souls, alas! the present business of the

day is a more lamentable Subject; for, *Woe unto us, the Wind was against us:*

But how, my Beloved, was the Wind against us?

Oh, verily most perniciously, directly opposite to all our Hopes and Designs, that is to say, it stood in a *Protestant Corner*, yea, in a *Protestant Corner*; a Woe indeed, too bitter a draught of Gall even to be swallowed, or digested.

• Oh the comfortable sweets and the heavenly *Manna* we had tasted, that Sovereign Cordial to our drooping Souls, had we once feasted our Senses with so riotous a pleasure, as to have seen the consecrated Daggers of our dear *Irish* Brethren in the throats of our Heretick Enemies, to have battend in Massacre, and satten'd with blood: But, alas, that Divine delight is utterly dash't and defeated: For *woe unto us, the Wind was against us:*

Now my Beloved we have a great many very sad Reasons to lament that the Wind should be in the *Protestant Corner*: For first, what is Wind but Air? and the *Prince of the Air* being of our Party, 'tis very hard that the Wind should be against us.

Secondly, The Wind has yet stronger Obligations to be of our Party. For, Beloved, it is written, that the Wind bloweth where it listeth; that is to say, Ruleth and Governeth *ala mode de France*, at its own Arbitrary Will and Pleasure. And under that denomination of Absolute and Arbitrary, the divine Attributes of our Great Patron Lodowick, one would think the Wind should be a *Jacobite*. But this wicked Rebellious and unnatural Wind is a *Protestant one*, lay full in the Teeth of our *Invincible Monarch*, and overthrew all our Hopes and Foundations.

Now

Now, Beloved, as the Wind ruleth and governeth, as I said before, what, or what manner of Rule and Government is it, that that Rebel the Wind holdeth or usurpeth: A very large one, my Beloved, a wide and ample Dominion, my Brethren, for it bloweth from the four Corners of the Earth; from the four did I say? Yea, and from the twice fourteen By-Corners also. And this malicious and spightful Protestant Air, lay in the *North* and *By East*, one of the *B T-Corners*, my Beloved; And having named that short word or Particle [B T] which Heaven know's is but a little one, yet, Beloved, 'tis a very Emphatick one: For instance in several weighty particulars relating to our whole Designs.

As first, our great *Jacobite Plot*, which we were just hatching in the World, proves an Abortive, or to use the *Pagan Language* of our Enemies, a *Sooterkin*, nay, and what's worse, a *B T-Blow*. The great Champions and Héros of our Cause having given us the *Go-B T*, are thrown into the *Tower*, *New-gate*, *Gatehouse*, and other *B T-places*; and to summ all, too many of 'em, to our great Sorrow and Lamentation, are like to be hang'd too by the *B T*. And their very names and memories, my Beloved, no more than a *B T-word* amongst our reviling and sneering Enemies. And therefore, as I said before, this Particle [B T] is a very Emphatick one. Nay to continue the Emphatickness of this woful [B T,] By St. *Patrick* and St. *Loyala*, our two great *Jacobite* Saints, never was Design better laid and projected. A great Navy, and several hundreds of Transport Ships, all ready by the beginning of *April* to *sip B T*, before the *English Fleet* could get out, and land an Army of dear Teagues and

and Rapparees, our Trusty and Beloved Sworn Brothers. But this Great and Invincible *Armado*, instead of getting *B T*, to be forc'd to *lye B T*, to have a long five Weeks Wind lye in this damn'd North-East, *B T-Corner*, and not only so, but a malicious Protestant Storm too to fall foul upon our *Thoulon* Fleet, and give our Expedition so great a *Put-B T*, till the whole *Williamite* Fleet is not only Equipped and Manned, but also *Sail'd B T*, and what is yet worst of all, resolved to *Stand B T* their great Heretick Lord and Master. And all this through that calamitous Disappointment of *Woe unto us, the Wind was against us.*

After this deplorable *Catastrophe*, let us hang up our Harps, our *Irish* Harps, upon the Willows, and sigh and sob in the bitterness of Spirit, and anguish of Heart, and mix our Cup of Affliction, even with the Lees of Vinegar, let it be the true White-wine Vinegar, my Beloved, the Growth and Product of our own still dear, tho' bitter Grapes; and no sophistciate Adulteration of *Barly* or *Crab*, that Heretick Verjuice, our Loathing and Abomination. For let us not start from our Cause, or our Principles, though *Woe be unto us, the Wind is against us.*

Now Beloved, to give you some farther Light into my Text, it will not be unseafonable to make some more large inquiry into the nature of Wind. And here occurs a very natural Observation, relating to the Extent or Power of Wind. Wind therefore is two-fold, not only that blustering Termagant Roarer and Rover, the wicked Enemy of our Cause, that *Anti-Jacobite Element*, that blows from the *North* and the *East*, or from any other Corner of the greater World; there is a Wind likewise proper and peculiar only to

the

the lesser World, blowing and breathing from the
Bro. corners and Crannies of that *Microcosme* of Man.
instead and this last Wind is of two kinds, both Learnedly
a long display'd and decipher'd by a very Eminent Author.

Thus Wind ith' Hypochondriack pent,
Turns but a blast, if downwards sent;
But if it upwards chance to fly,
It proves new Light and Prophecy.

You see, Beloved, here are two Winds, purely
signing and governing in our humane *Microcosme*. The
one, as I may say, a kind of a *Subterranean Wind* ram-
bling and rumbling in the Internes and Cavernes of
us, and our Humane Terrestrial, and issuing forth, as the Poet
observes, down-wards in that formidable, tho' short-
lived obstreperous Fulmination, if I may so say, Lear-
nedly called a *Blast*. The second Wind, here dignified
our own by the Title of *New Light and Prophecy*; of which
I'll speak in their Order.

To begin therefore with the first, the first in Order,
not start though not the first in Quality, a *Blast*: A *Blast* did I
be unto say, something an unsavory Conception, my Beloved;
but truly, Brethren, very proper to our Cause: For
it into even under that mean Class of Winds, that feeble
some homely puff, call'd a *Blast*, may many Heroick Ex-
ploits be, not unjustly, rank'd and number'd, as being
ting to the Determinating point of too many Illustrious De-
signes and Atchievements.

Roarer For instance, what did our *Maudlin-Colledge Re-*
formation, our *Spiritual High-Commission*, our *Castle-*
main Nuntio-ship, and *Tyrconnel Vice-Royalty*, and all
World; the rest of our *Pepish Mines and Batteries*, all the
only to
the Grand

Grand Projections of our late Eminent Statesmen, and Court-Lousts, end in, but a Blast; what came all our Formidable *Silsbury Expedition*, a Blast; Our Running Fight on the blind side of *Boyne*, and indeed, all the rest of our Irish Chivalry, but Blast, Blast, all Blast. And truly my Beloved, winking heart and weeping eyes be it spoken, we have but too much Reason to fear and dread, that our whole Descent and Invasion will terminate in just such another unsavoury Whiff, a Blast; what shall I call it, a Puff, a Vapour, a little dimutive Backside Crack, that's All, my Beloved. For, *Woe unto us, the wind was against us.*

Now to come to our second Wind, our New Bigg'd and Prophecy, under this Class are to be reckon'd all our Divine *Gadbury's Predictions*, and the rest of our Great Prophecies, the Church and Prop of all our shaking Hopes, such as our *In terris Annis Rex Religioque redibunt.*

And now I come to speak of Prophecies: Even those Superior Ebullitions of Wind may not improperly be ranked under the notion or name of Blast. For as the forementioned Blast is only a violent Eruption of some Corporeal Collection of Vapours, favour'd and hogoed in its Evaporation, according to the Ojour of the Internal Minerals through which it passes; The like may be said of all our Great Jacobite Propheticks and Prognosticks, as being only a Spiritual sort of Whiff, the Erruption likewise of some Mercurial's Volatiles, through the Misfortune and Calamity of all our Desired Expectations, Mundungoyed into a Blast: For, *Woe be unto us, the wind was against us.*

Licens'd, according to Order.

F I N I S